

A Patch of the Orient in St. Louis

AKOUN'S HOME IS QUAINLY LEVANTINE.



NOOK IN THE
TAPESTRY
ROOM



MADAME PEDITI,
STANDING AND
MADAME AKOUN SEATED



CARLOS PEDITI, EIGHT YEARS OLD,
MOUNTED ON HOLY SMOKE



CARLOS
PEDITI



HASSAN
BEN YOUSEF
THE NUBIAN
ATTENDING
CARLOS
PEDITI
AND
YVONNE
PEDITI



GASTON AKOUN

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Step into the residence of Mr. Gaston Akoun, at No. 44 King's highway—the Orient salutes you. Hassan Ben Yousef, the Nubian, salutes a thrice-welcome guest. An Arabian attendant gleams sidelong and sideways from the tapestry walls. The bookish on the low taboret speaks many dreams of smoke in the hook of the divan. But the low tones of the Nubian break the enchantment of the St. Louis visitor.

Is it St. Louis? Into this strange far Eastern atmosphere you seem to have been wafted on the magic carpet. The Occidental light of a St. Louis day filters through the golden yellow of the street shades. The Nubian politely suggests that you are still dreaming. Through wide folding doors, you pass into

the drawing-room. A riot of Levantine color, more startling to the rude Northerner than the dim glimpses of the outer hall-way, warms the blood with tropic languor and photographs upon the pleased eye pictures that awake memories of Lallah Rookh.

Bizarre vases of mosaic brass raise their pillared heights. A spirited hunting scene, in the forests of Armenia, breaks out with hue and cry around the running tapestries, curious inlaid tables, rich with stones and edged with brass, block the way; wise sayings from the Koran speak from the upholstery of Turkish furniture.

Golden embroidery shines richly against the cream-white background of Assyrian cloths, and vivid longitudinal lines of impossible colors glisten in Moroccan scarves and veils, draping with careless grace paintings of hours in paradise. The willing feet sink restfully into Algerian rugs.

In this transplanted Eastern home the household of Mr. Akoun will take their ease until after the international exposition, which holds forth its golden promises to the master showmen of the Midway. For on that thoroughfare of pleasure and gaiety Gaston Akoun will produce one of the largest concessions which the management of the World's Fair intends to offer to its millions of visitors. Expositions are the gigantic playthings of the commercial world, breathing spaces in the breathless race for money, and the amusement-maker follows the strong glare of their kaleidoscope.

Other concessions who will offer their glittering enticements in 1904 have taken temporary habitations in St. Louis, but none others have surrounded themselves with the creature comforts and the home amusements of their native lands. If the interior of the very modern residence occupied by Mr. Akoun is interesting because of its utter departure in resemblance to any other residence in the World's Fair City, the family life is infinitely more interesting.



WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Here's a United States Post Office located further north than any other in existence at present.

If you look at your geography and find Alaska, you will see Point Barrow, away up at the top of that ice-bound peninsula. According to the scale on which your map may be drawn, anywhere from an inch to perhaps a foot from the mystery enshrouded North Pole.

It is at Point Barrow where a Postmaster and his handsome wife have trouble only once a year in receiving and distributing mail matter or preparing it for shipment to other and far-distant parts of the universe.

It will be seen that there is ample time for you to write any letter you have in mind and discharge any obligation with your correspondent up there, because the next mail is due to arrive in and from Point Barrow next August.

Notwithstanding the temperature up there may be anywhere from 70 to 150 degrees below zero, it is a matter of record that sentimental letters still burn with love, even after they have been brought to the Post Office over fields of ice and have traversed hundreds of miles over ice-bound country.

Post Office Inspector John P. Clum established the Post Office at Point Barrow a year ago last summer.

He selected as Postmaster Doctor H. Richmond Marsh, who, with Mrs. Marsh, has charge of the Presbyterian Mission House at Point Barrow.

Doctor Marsh accepted the responsibility with all the formality of a Postmaster with twenty miles of New York and furnished a bond for \$500, his bondsmen being friends in Nome.

When Doctor Marsh had qualified he was given a die stamp with which to cancel stamps, locks for the mail bags and a supply of stamps, mostly of the 2-cent denomination, and then the Point Barrow Post Office was open for business.

HOW YEARLY MAIL IS CARRIED.

The mail to and from there is carried by the revenue cutter Bear, which is able to reach Point Barrow only once a year, on account of the ice.

Not far from Point Barrow—on the map but over a topography of ice, sea and the roughest of country, are the furthest north theater and church, the latter doing duty as a lighthouse as well, showing a constant beacon through a night six months in duration.

The Roman Catholic Church at Nome shares its distinction with only one other

house of worship in United States territory, a church spire at Charleston having for years been maintained as a Government lighthouse.

Perhaps a lot of people would be surprised if they knew all that is going on up in the twilight of the Arctic Circle.

It is a strange, beautiful country, six months of night and six months of day, with gold dust to light the traveler in his room in the wayside inn and aurora borealis and polar bears to break the monotony of the scenery.

Mr. W. H. Cutler, representing New York and Massachusetts capitalists in the development of an old-time trading enterprise, gives interesting facts about the new American civilization that has blossomed almost in sight of the North Pole.

He gives a picturesque account of the new town of Nome and its suburbs, where they play on grand pianos, shoot whales and walrus and pick up nuggets and go to the theater for recreation.

Mr. Cutler recently brought down a part of the "cast" of the Nome Standard Theater—the Misses Wilma, Edith and Edna—beauties for any land, not actresses alone, but singers who made a hit during their six months of evening performances under the midnight sun of Nome.

Among their trophies tossed over the footlights are bangles made of native gold by Pacific Coast and Russian jewelers.

Nome, with 10,000 inhabitants, has celebrated its third birthday, and expects to have many more during coming centuries, for it claims to be a town that has come to stay.

Nome has schools, churches, an electric light plant, a steam fire engine and a water works system and floating cold storage plant.

Mr. Cutler says it's the most democratic city in the world.

All men are truly free and equal there. They all meet on common ground.

Every man is a gentleman, and clergymen shake hands with gamblers, and, strange to say, very few of them carry arms.

In fact, Mr. Cutler says that things are so quiet there you can hear a pin drop in the snow.

IN THE ARCTIC THEATER.

The theater has an entire gallery of private boxes.

It seats 1,500 people, and has first-class plays and "specialties." After an evening performance the orchestra shakes hands with the prominent men of the town, while the manager weighs up the box office receipts, chiefly gold nuggets and now and then a watch or 6-caliber revolver.

Up in the Koukrok mining district they tell how a preacher announced his coming.

The miners sent word that no clergyman could preach in that country and live.

One Sunday, however, the missionary appeared before 300 miners in the principal hall of the camp.

It was a tent frozen stiff.

The congregation wore red shirts and rubber boots, and were armed to the teeth with pickaxes and revolvers, but the clergyman was not frightened.

Looking over the picturesque assembly, he opened a walrus-hide grip sack and proceeded to lay things on the pulpit—which, by the way, was a soap box nailed to a stake.

"I hear you are opposed to preachers. But I have a contract to come into these diggings and spread the Gospel, and I purpose to do it."

GOSSIP OF DYNAMITE.

He opened his Bible and turned to an appropriate passage in Revelation.

Then, putting his hand on another package as large as a six months' grubstake, he said:

"If I am not allowed to preach I have still another contract—opening up this canyon with dynamite, which, by the way, I have here in this package. Take your choice—Gospel or dynamite."

Just say the word and I'll begin operations right away, he threatened.

One of the leading churches of Nome is the Roman Catholic.

The edifice is surmounted by an immense cross, while the interior is a vast hall of light.

It can be seen from all parts of the country, and it is not only a beacon of safety to boats and ships at sea, but to the miners coming to town or returning from the mountains.

This wonderful light has saved many an unpleasant adventure in the wilderness.

Many a man would have been lost in the storm and frozen to death but for the guiding beams of this unique lamp of salvation.

Mr. Cutler says the output of gold in the Territory of Alaska, for which we paid \$1,000,000, is rapidly increasing.

He estimates the total clean-up on gold for the coming year at from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

Know She Was Homely.

When Marshall P. Wilder was returning from around the last time he says he overheard the following dialogue between two fellow-passengers:

"I wonder who that awfully homely woman is?"

"Oh, that's my wife," replied the other.

"How do you know, you're not looking at her?"

"I don't have to," New York Times.